

**THE EMERALD  
ISLE, A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649461875

The Emerald Isle, a Poem by Miss Kinsley

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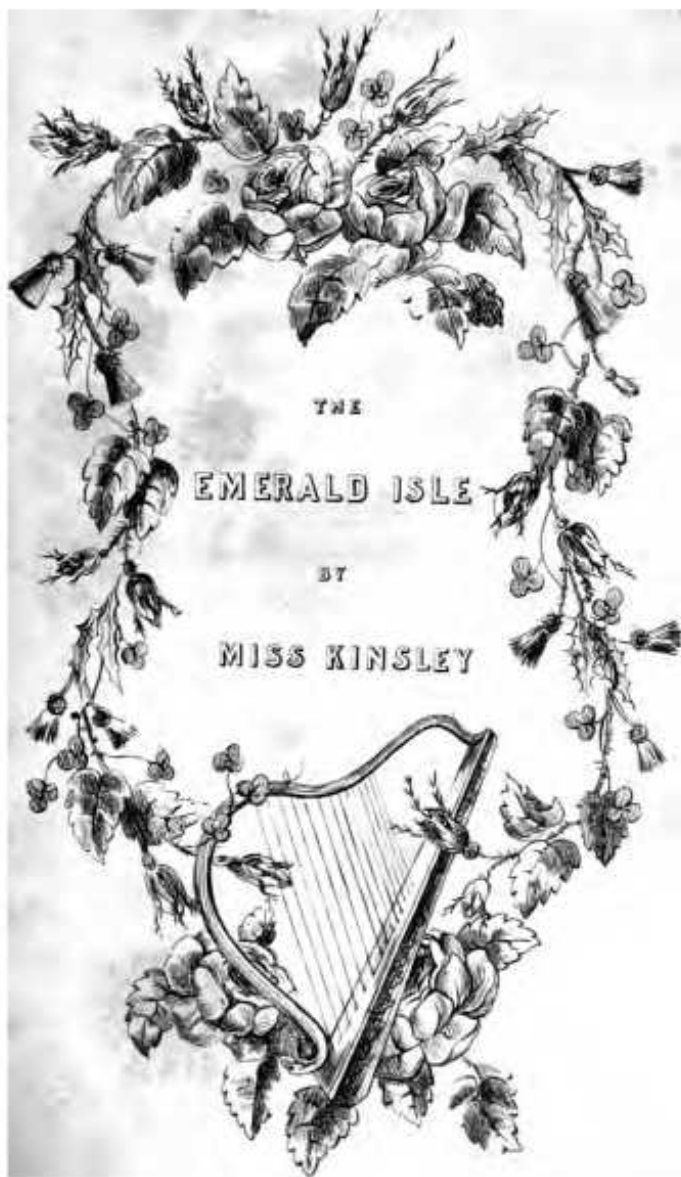
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**MISS KINSLEY**

**THE EMERALD  
ISLE, A POEM**







THE  
EMERALD ISLE.

*A Poem.*

BY MISS KINSLEY.

SECOND EDITION.

**Liverpool :**  
BOOKER & CO., 37, RANELAGH-STREET;

**London :**  
C. DOLMAN, 61, BOND-STREET.

MDCCLXVI.

1092.

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY

ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLIC.

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It is with some trepidation that I present my little book to an enlightened people ; for I fear that my brief and irregular touches at historical delineations will fall very short of doing justice to a subject that might well engage the ablest pens and greatest talents in her Majesty's dominions.



The design of this little work is to convey, in a simple form, an outline of Irish history from the earliest period, and to continue it periodically; but when I look at the master minds around me, I am ready to shrink from the task I have imposed upon myself.

If, however, the effusions of my humble pen should convey to some of my readers a little interesting information, without giving them the trouble of wading through heavy volumes of history, I will deem myself happy in having contributed to their pleasure and amusement, by strewing, as I may say, my wild flowers in the pathways to science.

With regard to the title, I can only say that I adopted it from its suitability to the subject-matter. I was reminded, however, that I might be trespassing on forbidden ground. I do not think so, and I hope it will not be thought so ; for I would not willingly trespass upon the rights of another. At all events, the merits or demerits of my little poem can never lessen the value or take from the beauties of that written by **Mr. CHARLES PHILLIPS.**



